



MEN . . . BOYS : . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a

smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay,

but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tasterfully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only \$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

A SMART TIE BY DAY NIGHT A MAGIC TIE TIE SY DOVEL, DIFFERENT BARRELS OF FUN! A fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now! MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW! MAIL THIS NOW! MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW! MAIL THIS NOW! MAIL THI

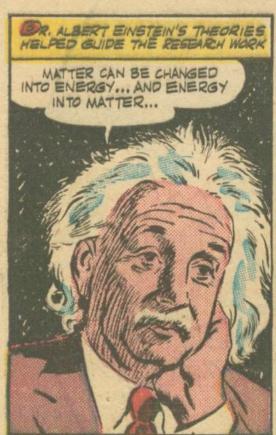
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FOR YEARS, THOU-SANDS OF SCIENTISTS WORKED QUIETLY AND WITHOUT LET-UP TO SOLVE THE MIGHTY SECRET OF THE ATOM











THIS IS THE AMAZING
STORY THAT YOU'VE READ IN
THE PAPERS--AND HEARD OVER
THE RADIO! BUT IT IS NOT THE
FULL STORY! THERE IS MORE...

FURN THE PAGE, THEN, FOR
THE STORY ABOUT ATOMIC
POWER THAT HAS NOT YET
BEEN TOLD TO THE WORLD!

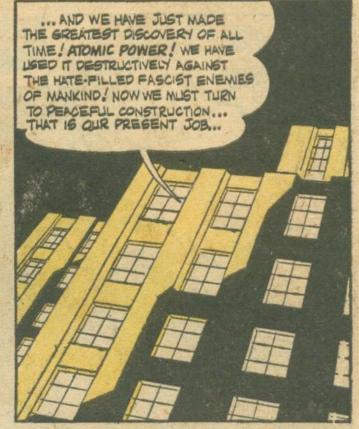


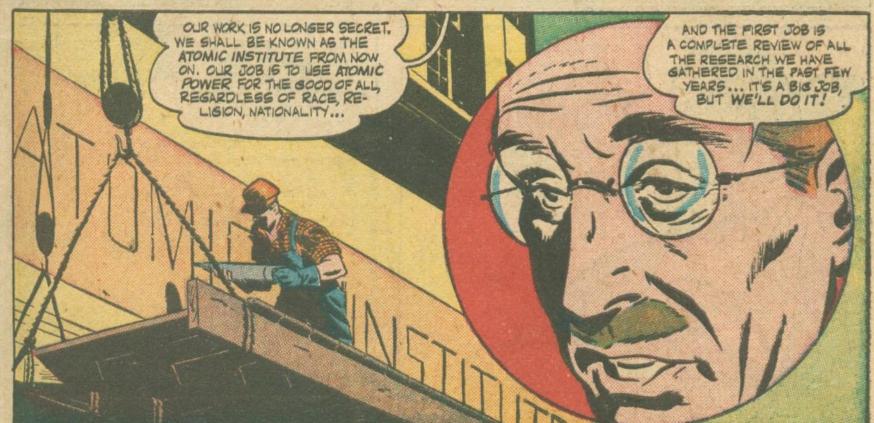




































The day
Passes quickly as
Barry Dale
Becomes assorbed
In a study of the
Georet Atomic
Formula...
Then...











































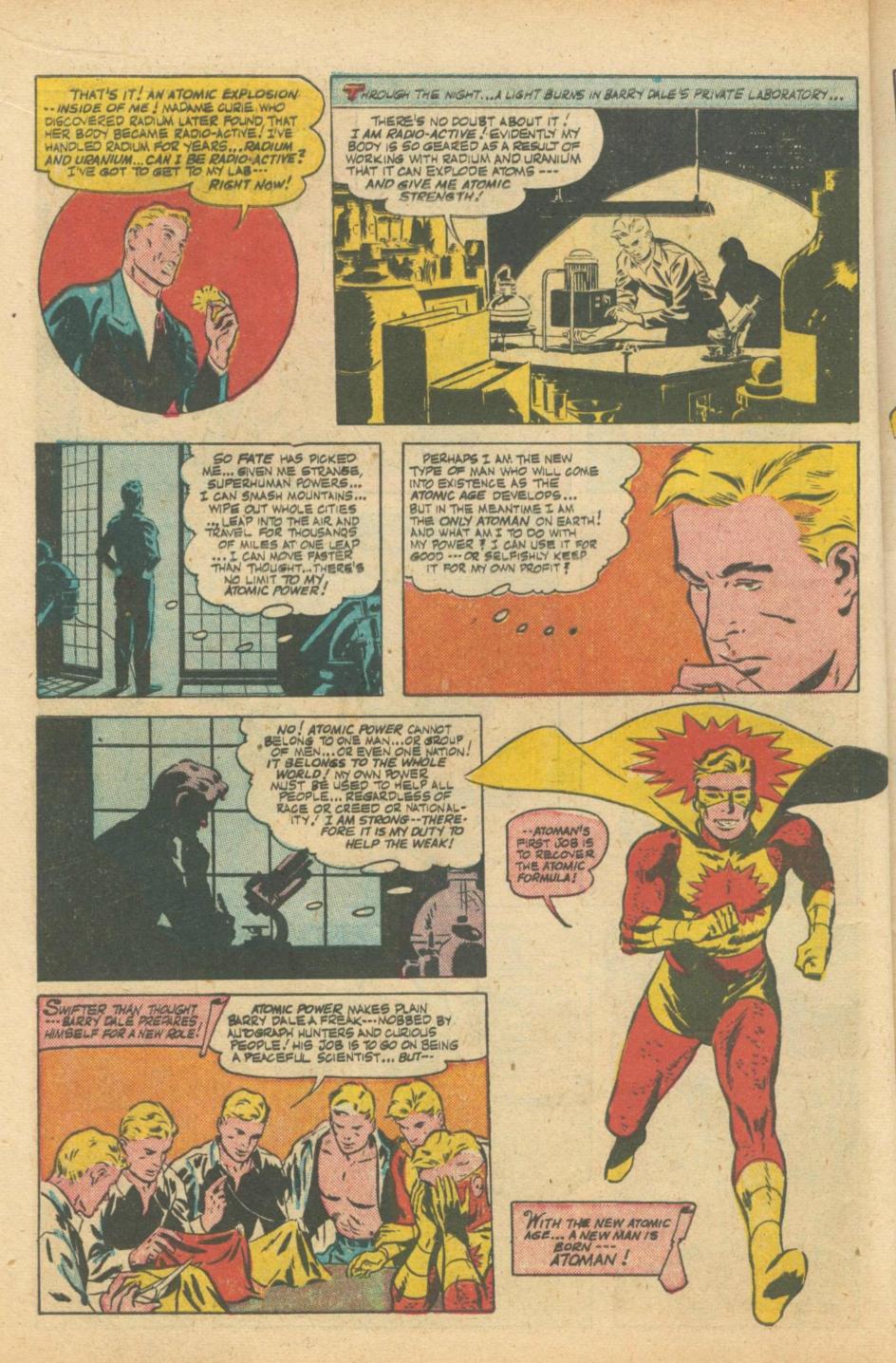














AND WHILE BARRY DALE WAS DISCOVERING HIS STRANGE POWERS...MR. TWIST WAS MAKING ANOTHER DISCOVERY... ONE THAT DID NOT PLEASE HIM!

AMAZING... YOU SCIENTISTS! I CAN'T BRIBE YOU WITH MONEY... SOCIAL POSITION... POWER! BUT YOU ARE PROUD OF YOUR PRETTY FACE, MISS JAMES---AND THIS BEAKER OF ACID WILL SPOIL IT FOREVER UNLESS YOU AGREE TO WORK FOR ME!





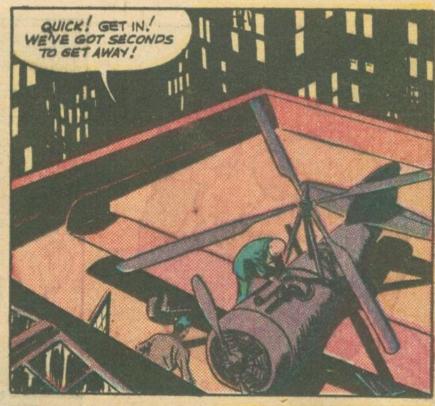








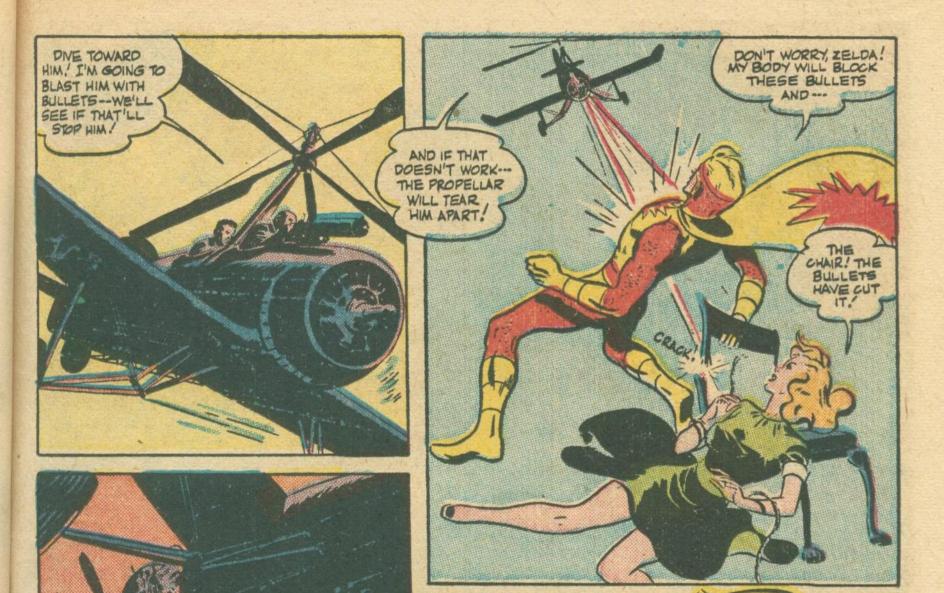














I'LL SEE THAT









THEN TRY THIS Proven Easy System on Your Hair

NELPS PREVENT BRITTLE ENDS FROM BREAKING OFF!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ...longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longerthe scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal - if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before-in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.



the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle. splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen . if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we willrefund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair.

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept 608 Chicago 13, III.



Marvelous Help for DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men — sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. Try Juelene. See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This 7-Day Trial Offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.

Make This Guaranteed 7-Day Test SEND NO MONEY!

If you do want longer hair, mail the 7-Day Coupon. Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair - lustrous and well dressed. With our positive Guarantee you can't lose ... have everything in your favor to gain. So SEND the COUPON NOW!



JUEL COMPANY, Dept. A-607 1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, III.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

I am enclosing \$1.00 Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME ...

ADDRESS____

ZONE___STATE L. Our Customers Participate in Gifts



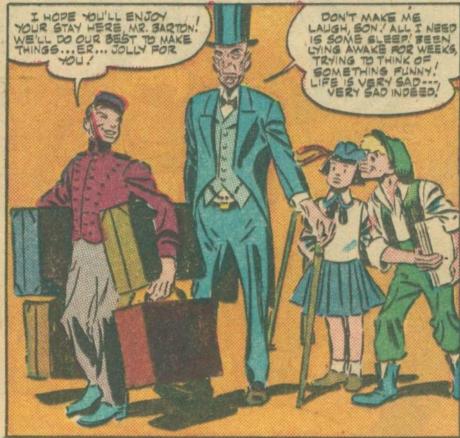














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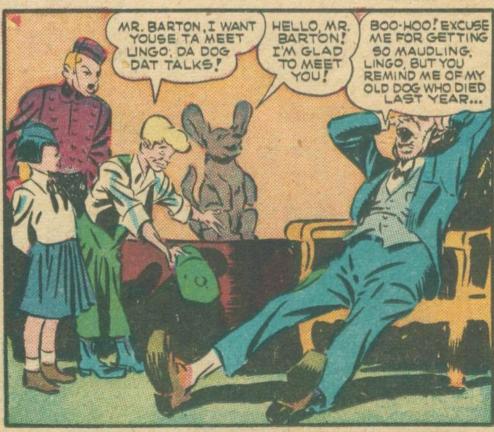














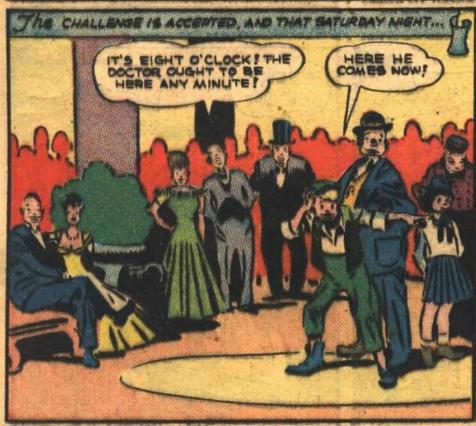








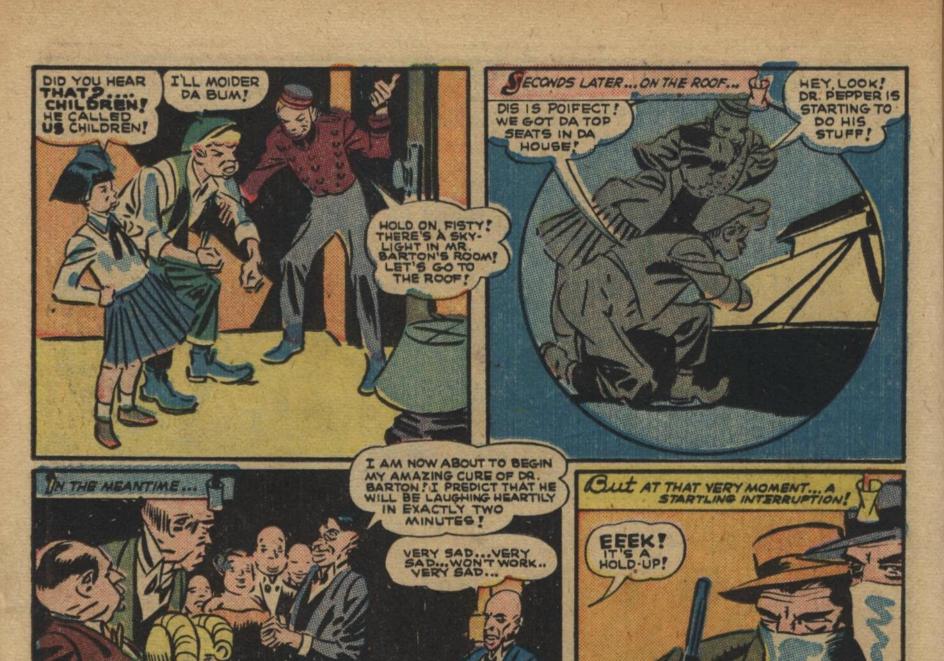






























To Personalize Your Books

of the neighborhood by getting yours first. Just dip them in water — and presto — they appear upon your arm as if by magic — in rich glorious colors, just like real tattoos that sailors wear. Have heaps of extre fun by using them to decorate drinking glasses, cereal bowls, your personal books, toys, bicycle, wagon, or playroom.

TO MAKE THIS OFFER EVEN MORE SENSATIONAL we're including The Wizard Book of Magic at no extra cost to you. It's an amazing book containing over 75 magician's secrets including all the necessary equipment you need to "saw a woman in half," and to perform one of the most baffling and weird "mind-reading" illusions ever revealed. Remember, you can't buy this book anywhere — but it's yours to own at No Extra Cost when you order your big set of tattoo transfers for only 50c postpaid. A swell gift! TO PARENTS: Don't let the word "tattoo" fool you - these transfers are easily removed and are absolutely harmless.

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Please rush my order for Tattoo Transfers as indicated below. Include a mystifying "Wizard Book of Magic" with Magicians Equipment at no extra cost with each set of transfers ordered.

me Print, Clearly.	sets at	50c per set.	I am enclosing	\$
re Print Clearly.	me			1
				Mark State

N.

City.

THE GREAT GIMMICK . EFFICIENCY (?)

WHY DON'T YOU QUIT STALLING AND GET TO WORK!

WORK! (PUFF!)
WHAT DO YOU
THINK I'M DOING WITH THIS TRUCK, DANCING?



LOOK, MR. GIMMICK, I HAVE A SUGGES-TION! WHY NOT PUT WHEELS ON THIS TRUCK SO WE CAN MOVE IT EASILY AND SAVE TIME 2

HM, GREAT! SHOULD THIS CREDIT FOR IT WHEN I CAN SWIPE ... FIRST. I'LL DISCOUR-AGE ...









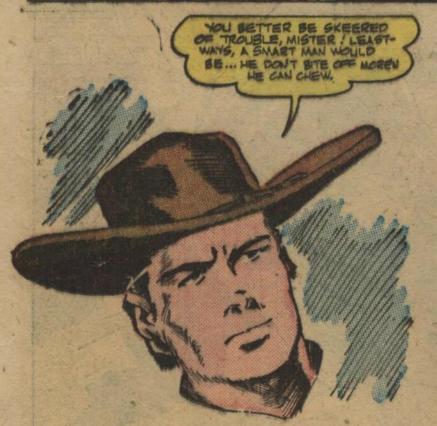




























































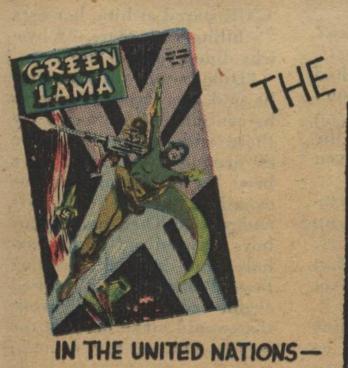












IT'S THE BIG THREE!





ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND



AND IN COMICS, TOO

IT'S THE BIG THREE!

The Last Assignment

By Lawrence Vert

CHE was afraid. She held tightly to his arm. And she kept saying to herself "One last assignment! One last assignment! Then he'll be home to stay! We'll be married and ... maybe he won't come back!"

Suddenly she stopped and looked up into his face.

"When will you be coming back?"

"I don't know," he answered. "A soldier just carries out orders."

"But you didn't have any orders! You volunteered!"

"Yes, I volunteered," he

answered slowly.

They walked on again through the park. It was the last hour of his furlough. Then he was due to report for the special job for which he had volunteered.

"You've got enough points to be discharged," she said

quietly.

"Yes, over a hundred ..." "Why did you volunteer for this special something you won't tell me about?"

THIS time he stopped. Looking around, he saw an empty bench. He took her by the arm and led her to it.

"Let's sit down here for a few minutes." He waited while a woman with a baby carriage passed by. He stared after the woman until she turned off into a shady spot. Then he looked at the girl beside him.

"I've wanted that," he said, nodding his head toward the baby carriage. "Kids and a home ... God how I used to dream about it lying in a lousy foxhole!" He was quiet for a moment.

"I guess I ought to tell you why I volunteered ... We've been engaged ever since the

war started ..."

"Since Sunday night, December 7, 1941," she murmured. "That was when you made up your mind to volunteer. I remember."

"Yes. And that's a long time. You've been swell, Jean. For years now, we've been planning to get married. And when I finally do get backwell, you must think I'm a heel for volunteering for a special assignment-"

"I don't!" she broke in.

HE chucked her under the chin playfully. "I know, kid," he said. "But you've got a right to know why I did it. You see," he paused searching for words to express himself. "You see-I wasn't the only one who volunteered. A lot of others did, too."

"Why did you have to then? Weren't there enough others?"

"I don't know if they had enough without me. I don't care. I wanted to do this thing. I don't know why the others volunteered. But I can tell you why I did."

"Is it something that happened when you were fighting?" she asked timidly. "You've never told me what the fighting was like. Not really!"

"Yes, because of something that happened out there," he

said quietly. He closed his eyes tiredly and leaned back. "It was in the jungles on New Guinea. Our company was thrown back by a wild charge of Japanese and I was wounded."

"You never mentioned that in your letters!" she exclaimed.

"There wasn't any point in mentioning it to you," he said. "I fell just at the edge of the jungle, about a hundred yards from where our company finally dug in. The Japanese were all around us and the only reason our company was able to hold at that place was that reinforcements arrived. It was a Negro construction outfit. At the last minute they gave them guns and sent them in to help our company. I could see both lines from where I was. I couldn't move ... hit in both legs. The Japanese spotted me when I waved to our boys for helpand as soon as they saw me, they started using me for target practice."

SHE stared at him, her eyes filling with tears. "Whywhy didn't you tell me?"

"Didn't want you to worry," he said. His face was grim as he continued. "Anyway, I lay there with bullets bouncing all around me. It must have been for maybe an hour or even less, but it felt like days and weeks. Then one of our boys crawled out of his foxhole and started crawling toward me..." he paused again, trying to find words that would make her feel the way he fest, see that scene in

her mind as clearly as he saw

it in his.

"Well, he finally reached me ... a tall, nice-looking Negro kid. He picked me up in his arms and sprinted to our lines. Luck was with us all the way—luck and the fact that the Japanese were pretty bad shots. He got me out and to a first aid station."

"I-I could kiss him for

that," she said.

He shook his head. "He's dead now, Jean. He was brought to the hospital just about when I was able to walk around again with the help of a cane."

"The Japanese got him?"

Jean asked.

"No, jungle fever...some kind of disease our doctors had never heard about until they got to those jungles."

HE paused. "I saw that Negro kid die ..."

Jean said nothing. They sat quietly for a long time. Finally he glanced at his wristwatch. "I think I better get started."

She said very quietly. "Yes".
"That's my particular reason for volunteering to fight this jungle fever," he said as they walked out of the park.

"Is that your assignment? Working in the hospital?"

He looked at her quickly, a little afraid he had said more than he intended.

"Yes, that's my assignment."
"Working on hospital cases?
Then—then—" Jean looked up at him, her face showing her relief. "Then it isn't dangerous! You'll just be helping around the hospital!"

"Yes, something like that," he said. But there was no smile

on his face.

"You'll write me ... often?" she said as he looked around for a passing cab.

"As often as I can, sweet-

heart!"

A large touring car drew up. "Can I give you a lift, soldier?" a stout, prosperous-looking man asked.

He kissed her quickly and

stepped inside.

"To the railroad station," he said. Then he poked his head through the window. "Good-bye, Jean!"

HE watched her through the back window as she stood at the curb, waving her hand to him. When the car turned the corner, he leaned forward and asked the man to take him to Army General Hospital.

"Make up your mind, soldier," the driver said. "Which is it? The railroad station

or-'

"The Army General Hospital, mister," he interrupted.
"Don't want her to know?"
the driver asked.

"That's right."

"Anything wrong with

"No, just a special assign-

ment," he replied.

"Yeh, I know them things," the man said. "I been in the army myself last time. Got stuck on them special assignments... working as a flunkey ... Yeh, I know what it is like."

"I volunteered for this, mister. And besides, what's wrong with working in the hospital helping the guys who got there because they were fighting for you?"

"I don't mind that," the stout man replied. "But I don't like serving Jews or

Negroes or-"

"They were good enough to fight for you, weren't they? And maybe lose an arm or a leg doing it, but you think you're too good to help them when they need help! Phooey! Let me out of here! Pull up at the curb!"

"Lissen, soldier, some of my

best friends are-"

"Shut up! Shut up before I knock your teeth down your throat!"

He walked away from the car angrily. "Was that skunk one of the people I fought for?" he asked himself as he hurried to the Hospital. Then he remembered the Negro kid

who carried him through a storm of bullets and he felt better. "No, that fat guy doesn't represent our country."

AT the hospital, he was directed to a room in the rear where a number of other soldiers were sitting around, waiting. Soon the door opened and a Colonel came in. He walked to the front of the room as the men stood at attention. Finally he cleared his throat.

"At ease, men." He looked them over slowly. "You men have volunteered for a job that's more dangerous than anything you faced in battle."

He paused watching each face before him closely. "You have offered your bodies and your lives to a series of experiments that the army is conducting in order to find ways of helping those in the service who've contracted jungle diseases. You know what some of these diseases do to men . . . It isn't pleasant."

He paused again. "If anyone wants to change his mind, he can still do it. No one will blame you if you just walk out of this room right now

..." he waited.

The room was still. No one made a move to leave.

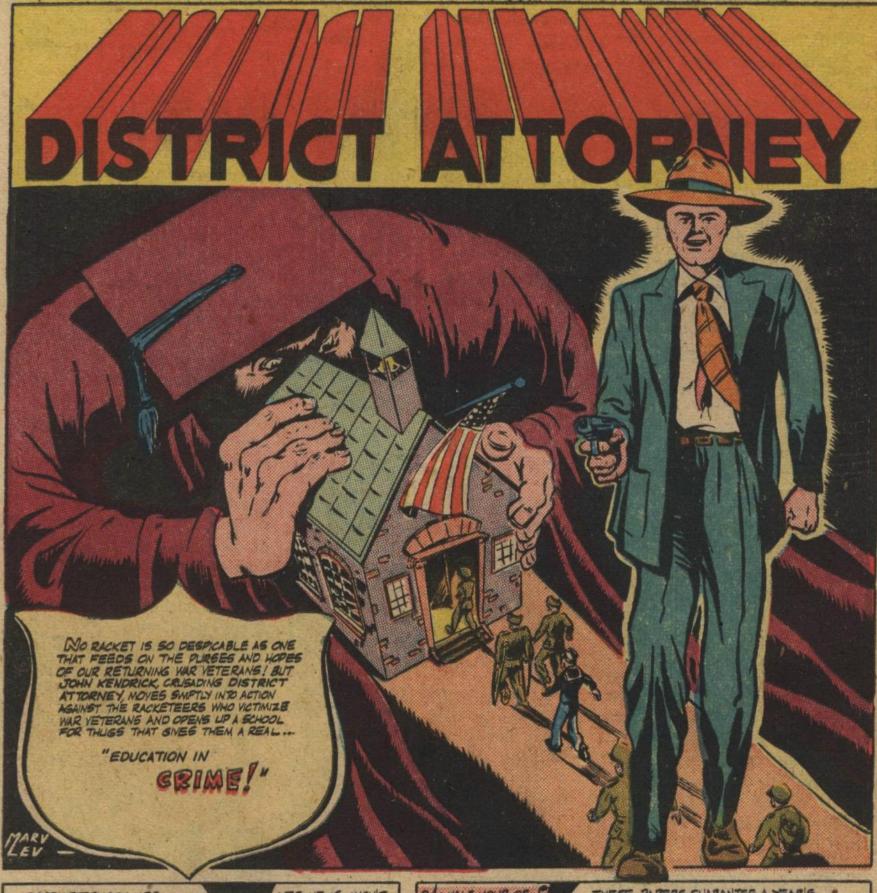
"Very well," he said, taking out a sheet of paper. "As I call your name out, go into the next room."

He thought of Jean as he listened to the names being called out. Jean ... and the last assignment ... and getting married when the thing was over. Somewhere, far away, the Colonel's voice droned on and on.

"Corporal James Buckley
... Sergeant Vincent Togliatori ... Private Marshall Grant
Corporal David Finestein ...
Corporal—"

Wait a minute! That was his name. He was being called for his last job in the U. S. Army! He walked into the next room.

The End



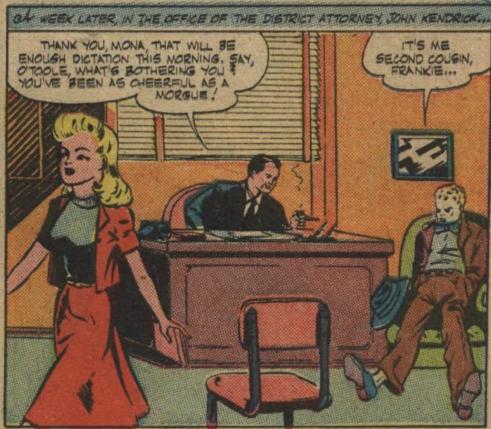










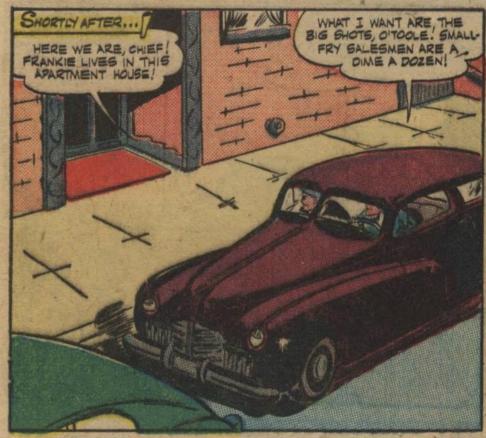














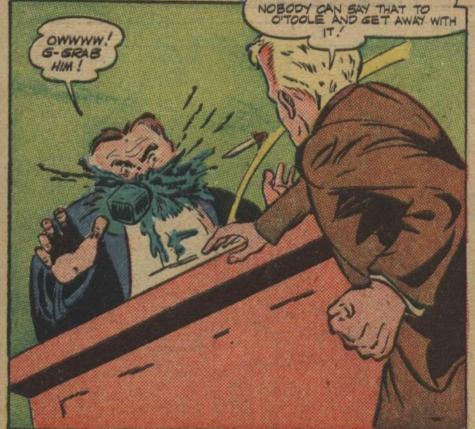
























THE MAGIC NAME OF THE GOD OF WAR INVOKES FLAME AND SMOKE ----



...TRANSFORMING -ORDINARY MARVIN
SMITH INTO EXTRAORINARY MARVIN THE
GREAT...



...THAT CATAPULTING CRUSADING, CRIME CRUSHER

GOODNESS ME! MY MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION NEVER FAILS TO THRILL ME! I WONDER WHAT NEW ADVENTURE AWAITS ME TODAY!



MY GOODNESS! WHAT KNAVERY
IS THIS?

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

READ ALL

ABOUT

IT!

WHAT

MARVIN

READ ON THE

NEWSTAND!

DATLY CRAMIRE

CIVE MILLIONAIRE

RIVE DAYS

FIVE DAYS

WHAT AN AMAZING CRIME! AND NO RANSOME DEMANDED! I MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!



HAVE IT! MR. GOLDBUCKS, THE MAN I WORK FOR, IS A MILLION-AIRE AND THEY MAY WELL TRY TO KIDNAP HIM! I'LL WATCH HIS













